



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

of too many kinds, to tell in detail. Death arrested the designer's hand, that yet left behind it the earnest of immortality, the very proof, as it were, of the truth of one of her most stirring and beautiful stanzas.

Nature's deep being thine shall hold,
Her spirit all thy spirit fold,
Her breath absorb thy sighs.
Mortal, though soon life's tale is told—
Who once lives, never dies!

Edith Wyatt

A BOOK BY LAWRENCE

Amores, by D. H. Lawrence. B. W. Huebsch, New York.

The pages of this book are the record of a great struggle. Through these poems, and over them, we feel the beating and lashing of a restless, passionate soul, passionate in its loves and aspirations, that is clogged with flesh, caught in meshes of flesh and held prisoner. The ache of "brown hands", the throbbing of blood in the darkness—these are with Lawrence always. Seldom has anyone expressed with such vividness the tinge that stifled flesh gives to the universe, the urge that gives to flowers and stars the wine-color of longing, and brings into tense, passionate relief details that otherwise were meaningless. *Snap-dragon* is perhaps the best poem of its kind in English.

Yet there is seldom any pagan joy in the things of the flesh. They come to him not as light, but as darkness, as something that clogs and hinders him, something that he must fight through and cannot—yet. And it is the vain

A Book by Lawrence

struggle to free himself that has given us the beauty of this book.

His aspirations are as passionate as his loves. What could be more spiritually impassioned than this from *Dreams Old and Nascent*?

Oh the terrible ecstasy of the consciousness that I am life!
Oh the miracle of the whole, the widespread, laboring concentration
Swelling mankind like one bud to bring forth the fruit of a dream!
Oh the terror of lifting the innermost I out of the sweep of the
 impulse of life,
And watching the great Thing laboring through the whole round
 flesh of the world;
And striving to catch a glimpse of the shape of the coming dream,
As it quickens within the laboring, white-hot metal;
Catch the scent and color of the coming dream,
Then to fall back exhausted into the unconscious, molten life!

Yet, though the key-note of the book is this passionate struggle, there are calmer moments in it, moments that presage the later Lawrence who is already emerging from the welter. For the poems in this volume are for the most part early work, and a number more recent, already known to readers of POETRY, are not included. Here is a steady little picture in a quieter vein, called *Patience*.

A wind comes from the north
Blowing little flocks of birds
Like a spray across the town;
And a train, roaring forth,
Rushes stampeding down
With cries and flying curds
Of steam, out of the darkening north.

Whither I turn and set
Like a needle steadfastly,
Waiting ever to get
The news that she is free;

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

But ever fixed, as yet,
To the lode of her agony.

And where can we find anything more humanly and poignantly beautiful than *A Baby Asleep After Pain*?

As a drenched, drowned bee
Hangs numb and heavy from a bending flower,
So clings to me
My baby, her brown hair brushed with wet tears
And laid against her cheek;
Her soft white legs hanging heavily over my arm
Swinging heavily to my movement as I walk.
My sleeping baby hangs upon my life,
Like a burden she hangs on me.
She has always seemed so light,
But now she is wet with tears and numb with pain.
Even her floating hair sinks heavily,
Reaching downwards;
As the wings of a drenched, drowned bee
Are a heaviness, and a weariness.

Several of the poems in this book are already known to American lovers of poetry. *Snap-dragon* was in the first *Georgian Verse* anthology, and four of the other poems, under different titles, have been published in *POETRY*, although no reference is made to the fact. But, read as a whole, the book has a cumulative effect that sets Lawrence definitely in the front rank of English poets. *E. T.*

H. D.'S VISION

Sea-garden, by H. D. The New Poetry Series. Boston, Houghton-Mifflin Co.; London, Constable & Co.

The great mystics, whether they call themselves Christians or pagans, have all this trait in common—that they describe in terms of ordinary experience some super-normal